



The College Cord



Vol. 8

Waterloo, Ontario

Saturday, March 25, 1933

No. 3

ATHENAEUM HEARS LECTURER GIVE ADDRESS ON "CANADIAN LITERATURE"

Mr. McRae Captivates Audience With Delightful Review And Recitation Of Literary Works of Canadians.

The Athenaeum Society of the College was very fortunate in being able to obtain for its meeting of March 9th, the services of the celebrated Canadian lecturer and writer, Walter McRae, who addressed the gathering on "Canadian Literature". Prof. C. F. Klinck, in introducing the speaker, mentioned the latter's intense interest in the subject which he was about to discuss and commented briefly on his recent book, "Town Hall To-night."

Mr. McRae soon captured the attention of his audience with his informal, humorous, yet very convincing manner. Tracing the history of writing in Canada from its first beginnings in 1606, in Champlain's "Order of Good Cheer", through its various newspapers and other published works, to its present status of having over six hundred writers of note, he pointed out the rapid development for a distinct Canadian literature. We, in Canada, he went on to say, have a great inferiority complex regarding our writers and their works. We have no appreciation of native genius for writing, art, music, etc. Is it any wonder that so many of our writers migrate to the United States where their work is received with acclaim? Nor is Canadian Literature, and especially poetry, merely "English" Literature—it is distinctly Canadian and distinctly worth while.

To emphasize his assertion that Canadian poetry was clearly a type of its own and one worthy of recognition, Mr. McRae devoted the latter part of his address to a recitation of poems from various Canadian authors. The first selection was "The Habitant", that vivid description by Dr. Henry Drummond of the French-Canadian peasant "just as he

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Cercle Francais Members Study French- Canadians

Last Meeting Of Society To Be Social Event.

The meeting of the French Circle on Tuesday night, March 21st, was given over to a study of the French-Canadians, each member replying to the roll call with the name of a French-Canadian hero. Ernie Goman then gave an account of the development of French-Canadian literature. This was followed with an outline of the French-Canadian history by Mary Louise Young. Julius Neff led the sing-song, and Alethea Johnston recited several poems written by French-Canadians. Miss Twietmeyer gave a very interesting talk on her visit to Quebec and her impressions of that city.

It was announced that Norman Berner's team would be in charge of the last meeting and the suggestion was that this meeting take the form of a social event.

Invading "Greds" Twice Repulsed By College Basketeers

Locals Continue To Show Speed In Fast, Interesting Games; Scores: 32-23 and 34-29.

To play the game for the game's sake, win or lose, to be a good winner and a better loser, to bear the torch of good sportsmanship along the streets of men; such is the athlete's oath at the altar of sport. So it was in days of yore.

Time marches on. Waterloo College gym, March 8th, 1933. Five little boys in red—uniforms make it warm for the College team. But our boys have played hockey in the afternoon and several labour under pain. First blood goes to one Pat Sherbarth, the lightning-limbed, fast dribbler, whirl and shoot kid. Nip-

Dates Selected For Oratorical Contest

The preliminaries of the Public Speaking Contest, open to all matriculated students of Waterloo College, will be held on Thursday, March 30th. Five contestants will be chosen from the preliminaries to compete in the Finals which will be held on April 20th at the regular Athenaeum meeting.

Entertained At Tea

Mrs. Froats entertained the lady professors of the College and the co-eds at a charmingly-arranged tea at her home, on Saturday afternoon, March 16th. Miss Emma Schorten delighted the guests with a few songs sung in her own inimitable way, and Miss Verna Lauman played for an enjoyable sing-song. At the close of the afternoon, dainty refreshments were served. Dean Haug poured coffee and the hostess was assisted in serving by Miss Audrey Froats and Miss Emma Schorten.

Do "Profs" Practise What They Preach?

Have you heard the statement, "To make your speech more emphatic and interesting, you should use reference to experience, wherever possible?"

At least our professors practise what they preach, or so a group of students began to think, when one of the professors the other day in a lecture said the play, Paolo and Francesca, lacked dramatic action when Paolo waged only a mental battle with himself, in which he was both winner and loser—winner, because he married Francesca and loser, because he betrayed his crippled brother by marrying the woman the brother loved.

The same professor suggested that the play could have been improved, if the author had had Paolo wounded and then nursed back to life by Francesca.

CLASS ATHLETES WAGE GHASTLY BATTLE IN OLD-TIME SHINNY GAME

Henry Enns Speaks At Germania Meeting

Gives Interesting Talk On "The Quest for the Truth"

A speech, "The Quest for the Truth," was the main feature of the Germania program held in the Chapel on Thursday, March 16th.

Henry Enns was the speaker of the topic as stated above. The uncommon subject and the philosophical manner in which the subject was treated, made the speech one of unusual interest. Mr. Enns stated the way in which Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe gave their versions of "Truth".

Two short readings were the minor items of the program. Miss E. Klugman read, "Der Mond und die Sonne", while N. Berner gave us "Eine gute Lehre."

After the criticism by Dr. Schorten, the meeting was adjourned.

Local Hockey Team Defeated By St. Peter's Sextette

Losers Find Lack Of Condition Their Chief Drawback.

Waterloo College dropped its second hockey game in an exhibitional tilt to the St. Peter's Lutheran hockey team, by a score of 6-1 on Tuesday evening, March 5th, at the Kitchener Auditorium.

Although the College players had played one game this season, they showed great courage by accepting a challenge from the strong St. Peter's group. The college boys claimed they had not developed their skating legs as yet. They, however, kept up a strong play during the first period, which resulted in no score. Ault and Knauff came quite close to scoring several times, but Rathman in the St. Peter's goal was able to keep out the puck. Reble in the College goal was quick on the

Juniors, Sophs and Frosh Fight Out Grudge On Skates; Juniors Win Out By 4-3 Score.

Well, folks, it's all over and nobody went to the hospital. The game of the season has come and gone. We cannot say that it has been forgotten, because how could the Freshies and the Sophs forget when they were beaten in a game of hockey by those (we won't print this) Juniors. The Juniors challenged the game to be played at the Kitchener auditorium on Wednesday, March 8th. Ault, as always, speaking for the rest of them, says, "We'll take 'em on". And they took them on. But oh! Oh! Oh!

Here we are starting the game. But where is the referee? Everything goes. Kruspe is also in there. Oh, he's throwing in the puck after every score. He tells Reble and Bean whether the puck went through between their legs or just rolled past their sticks. What! No score and five minutes of play! Pardon me, I forgot to mention it. Ault scored on a long shot. Reble had forgotten that he was goalie and was looking over at the spectators. (Reble, have the girls got you again?) Hamm (he's the one that runs the hockey team) tries to back Neeb but Neeb bucks him and both of them are hurt. So we'll stop the game for about five minutes until "Fritz" gets 'em put together again. Out they come again; Nibber with an ear that's been plastered down with some adhesive and Hamm with one eye half covered.

Well the period is now over and the score is 1-0 for the Freshie-Soph team. They take a few minutes off for a little rest. Rye, who has become a little hoarse (horse; by the way, Bing was there), gets out on the ice. Rye wasn't eligible to play because he is a senior. Oh well, Rye had his day. When? What I was going to tell you is that Rye went out on the ice to show off. Instead

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ATTENTION!!

Weekly Broadcasts Commence Over CKCR

have decided to give a series of broadcasts over station CKCR every Monday evening from 7.15 until 7.30 o'clock. One broadcast has already been held and the series will continue until 13 broadcasts have been given. These broadcasts are being paid by the professors themselves in the hope that the College and its work may be brought before the eyes of the people so that they may realize that there is a College close at hand adequately equipped to serve them and their sons and daughters. The professors hope in so doing to both help the people of the community and the College.

down the baskets. Half time The score stands 15-10, in favour of the invading "Greds".

It seems a deep dark dawn for the local kids. But no it shall not be! A fierce primitive spirit grows and finds birth in furious action among the College boys. The gruelling ice battle of the afternoon is forgotten. Neeb, Scherbarth and Casselman Major sink baskets in fast succession. Tears dim my eyes; I tear the mosquito netting that keeps me from the field of battle. Because we lead? No! Because I see ten struggling Titans, Prometheus unbound, ten new world heroes who fight upon the floor below me. For what is

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Miss Twietmeyer Presents Report on Women's Missionary Convention.

The Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society met in the chapel for its monthly meeting on March 14th. The question of beginning some inner mission work in the Twin Cities was left, at the advice of the executive, to the new executive which will be elected at the next meeting of the society.

Miss Louise Twietmeyer made a very interesting report on the Women's Missionary Convention held in Baltimore, Maryland, last Fall. She expressed admiration at the orderly

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and period and Schmidt with a well aimed shot put the puck past Reble. Ault, who has the record of scoring at least one goal each game, retaliated by a shot into the corner of the St. Peter's net. Hiller and Dotzenroth each scored a goal for the St. Peter's team in short order, and after about seven minutes of play, Hiller again missed Reble in the College net.

During the third period McKay and Plomski each netted a goal for St. Peter's. By this time the College players, due to their lack of condition, had been waning both on their defensive and offensive plays. Their rushes were rather ineffective. The condition of the opposing team

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definitely set for Saturday, April 22nd. The performances will start at 2.30 p.m.

The program, which will last approximately two hours, will consist of drills, tumbling, apparatus work, pyramids and novelty numbers. There will be clowns again this year, the identity of whom will not be announced until the display. Their skits will be good.

Practice for the various numbers is now in full sway. The girls are under the direction of Miss Pullam, while the boys are again under H. Scherbarth.

Come and see something worth while!

THE COLLEGE CORD

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Seminary Correspondent, Matthew Lepisto.

The Editor's Chair

Is it Possible? For some time now, and with the possibility that the malady may continue on through several months and years, our attention is drawn to the serious state of affairs existing in the world today. Unquestionably men in almost every part of the globe are deeply concerned with the problems that confront them. Thought of the situation is not absent from the minds of statesmen and politicians of our day; it is not absent from the minds of the great leaders in our industrial and commercial enterprises; it is not absent from the minds of the hosts of merchants and other men in similar occupations; it is not absent from the minds of the basic agricultural group who till the soil of every nation; it is not absent from the minds of those who find their lot to be that of common labourers; still less is such thought absent from the minds of those engaged in the advanced studies offered by higher educational institutions.

Every university student today is greatly interested in the economic entanglement in which the nations have become enmeshed. Every university student, if he makes any use of his mental faculties at all, wants to know why and how such a disastrous situation could possibly have come to pass. Never before has he shown such a keen interest in the field of economics. And, seeking a true knowledge of that phase of modern life, he looks to the university to provide that information. Most institutions of higher learning have, in the course of time, developed highly-efficient courses in economics.

Seeing what others have, and seeking to satisfy our own needs, we, students of Waterloo College, realize that our own Arts courses do not nearly approach that degree of development in the department of Economic and Political Science that should be the case. That department at present consists of an optional one-year course. One year!!—when that length of time spent in the study of such a vast subject serves only to touch the surface of that branch of learning. Many of the students are expressing regret at the fact that they can receive no more than what is now offered to them. "Why so many languages, histories and Englishes," they cry, "when our need today is a thorough knowledge of economics and political science!" This is an age of commerce and industry. Tomorrow some of us will feel the need of an understanding of matters economic, when the reins of leadership are handed over to us.

We are not presuming to dictate to the authorities of this institution what shall be taught in our lecture rooms. Nay,—far be it from us to assume such an attitude of dictatorship. But we do desire to point out that the students of this college are becoming more and more interested in the department already referred to, and have expressed a sincere wish that an added year to the course is very much desired. It is not known whether those responsible for the institution of department extensions see their way clear to make such a hope an actuality in succeeding academic years. But we courteously urge them to give the matter very serious consideration. We feel assured that many of the students would be very responsive in availing

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themselves of further study in economics, were the opportunity to be presented to them.

May the student body look forward to an early realization of their hopes? Is it possible?

To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I express through the columns of your paper the regret that there should be anyone in Waterloo College who does not believe in love.

Does "Common Sense" really believe there is nothing more between husband and wife than attraction? The writer speaks of a "common aim in life". Not necessarily. How about a young couple who meet at a holiday resort and have entirely different interests? Yet they eventually marry, and have a happy married life. Surely there is more than attraction there. Then also, I have a particular case in mind, there is the young man and young lady who have been brought up in an entirely different atmosphere and become engaged in spite of many obstacles. They marry and are happy. Don't you think this is love? Isn't it more than attraction that carries a couple through sixty years of wedded life, through stormy and peaceful years, through vicissitudes of many kinds as well as pleasures?

Then again, why should a young man, on losing his girl friend, or after having a tiff with her, go around with an absent-minded air and with a woe-begone look on his face? (And vice versa). Why, if there is only attraction between them, should he take it so seriously and permit such an affair to worry him? Some have even gone to the extremity of committing suicide.

There are many meanings for the word love—there is the love for animals, for inanimate objects, for abstract qualities; there is love of nature and love of virtue, but the word love, in the highest sense, is used specifically for personal affection. Love is more intense and tender than friendship, more intense and impulsive than affection, and is certainly far stronger than attraction.

If this is worthy of publication, I hope it will be of help to one whom I think is missing a great deal of life by not believing in love.

Yours respectfully,
Cupid.

—W—

Dear Mr. Editor:

After reading the letter in the "Cord" on love by the person who has the temerity to sign himself "Common Sense", I feel the urge to try to set this erring person on the right path concerning this great psychological subject called "love".

"Common Sense" seems to have the opinion that there is no such thing as "love"; that young men and women are only "attracted", and that marriage is only "loyalty". I think that is the opinion clearly and concisely.

This person says that love is only attraction and loyalty. I wonder why the person who coined this insidious little word "Love" didn't call this feeling "loyalty" in the first place.—Perhaps he wasn't as experienced as some seem to be!

Let me quote a very noticeable happening of what loyalty or attraction causes. It must be one of these. There is a student here—his name is "Common Sense"—who watches the mail-box, oh, so hopefully. Is the letter pink or blue?—I forget. This same "Common Sense" is addicted to moody periods and his refrain is, "I wonder if I can get home this week-end." Must be "loyalty"

or "attraction" getting its innings again!

"Attraction," too, must be a miracle worker. I suppose a young man and a young woman see each other in the distance and the attraction is so strong that they naturally gravitate together. Perhaps "Common Sense" is right, but I have seen two people who disliked each other at first become exceptionally close friends after they had learned to know each other. Possibly this was due to parallel interests in such things as books or games. Perhaps they fell in love and their interests in different things became mutual.—Oh, pardon!—it isn't love—there's no such thing! The way you speak of attraction, "Common Sense", sounds amazingly like love at first sight. But you wouldn't believe in that, Would you? Because even I don't.

"Loyalty", too, must be very powerful. It is loyalty, is it, that makes a husband or wife pace the floor in anxiety while one or the other is passing a crisis in a serious sickness. It is loyalty, is it, that keeps a wife true and makes her forgive a scoundrel of a husband? It is loyalty, is it, that makes a husband act like a lost spirit when his wife has left him? It is loyalty, is it, that makes an old gray-headed couple so thoughtful of each other's comforts, likes and dislikes? My! but loyalty is a powerful thing! I am afraid that I never appreciated its power till now! Applesauce, "Common Sense"!!

You, and any others quoting your benighted opinions, have my sincere sympathy. Why don't you open your

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At The Theatres

... CAPITOL ...
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
March 27-28-29

John Barrymore in
"Topaze"
"Face in the Sky"

Thursday, Friday Saturday
March 30-31, April 1

"Girl Missing"
"Smoked Lightning"

... LYRIC ...
Monday, Tuesday
March 27-28

Mae West in
"She Done Him Wrong"

Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
March 29-30-31, April 1
"Cavalcade"

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Seminary Notes

Bishop Janzen, a Russian Menno-nite, addressed the Theologs at one of their regular meetings. Bishop Janzen was born and lived for 45 years in Russia, having left the country of his birth as a fugitive from the Communistic regime. He was just one of the many thousands that must live under cover for fear of death. No one of a former well-to-do family or of a religious sect dare vote, nor do they have any voice in the government. They must constantly live in mortal fear, going from place to place, hiding in different places, and trying their utmost to wrest a meagre living in some way or other. Bishop Janzen said that if he had only had the nine lives of the proverbial cat, he would have been dead long ago.

In regard to the churches, Bishop Janzen said that the government did not deliberately take them from the people, but taxed them so heavily that the people were unable to pay the taxes, thereby being compelled to relinquish them to the government. Schools and other real estate were seized in the same way, thus putting everything in the hands of the government. No individual is permitted to own property. He must relinquish everything to his country. The first commandment of the Communistic regime is, "Possession is theft." Therefore, anyone possessing anything was branded a thief.

He further related that he was often asked if the Russian people like their government, to which he replied, "No". There are one million Communists in Russia terrorizing a hundred and sixty million people. No one but a Communist dares to carry weapons. That is why any uprising against the government is quickly put down.

The Russian people are a peculiar class of people. They are idealists and great talkers, but poor workers and actors. They will bear a yoke for any length of time, until some powerful leader comes along and entices them to follow him. The Russians need some one to tell them what to do. They bore the Romanoff yoke until the Jews came along saying, "Down with the imperial yoke". The people immediately turned to them, to their great sorrow; for the second state was, after all, worse than the first. They follow blindly. The Jews used the same mob psychology that was used by the Pharisees in Jerusalem, when they crucified Jesus Christ. Just a thoughtless, ignorant mass of humanity that does not have the backbone to assert itself.

Bishop Janzen closed with answering some questions, which had arisen in the minds of his hearers.

These are busy days for the Senior Theologs, with their preparations for graduation in the spring. They

When I Am Gone

When I am gone, weep not for me,
For only then shall I be free.
Free of the shackling, earthly things
That dull my spirit, clip my wings.
But take my ashes, greyish white,
And toss them to the winds at night,
That they may wander to Capri,
To Mandalay and Sicily;
Beyond high mountains veiled in
snow,

Across uncharted seas I'll go.
So fling my ashes with a laugh,
Whose cadence is my epitaph.
—Clara Bernhardt, in the January
"Canadian Bookman".

THRU THE KEYHOLE

"Hello everybody", as Kate Smith would say. Well, it's fishing season—or at least one freshette, lately admitted to the sophomore ranks, thought so. The bait used?—a telephone joke. The catch desired?—two big fish; one from Mt. Forest, the other from Morrisburg. "Ah, something 'phoney'" you'll say. But no! Like most fish, they swallowed hook, line and sinker, stopping only at the telephone book. Then they surrendered to the wily fisherman and satisfied their vanity by trying to make other fish bite. Cheer up L— and M— you are big fish in a little puddle(?).

Oh boy! want to know what the well dressed man will wear? The decree says blue feminine tams. "Aw, who says so?" sez you. Ssh. actions speak louder than words and so one of the Freshmen, seeing a sophomore to the street car, politely carried her tam on his cranium—I think she carried the books. But then, love is blind.

They say the bad will out and so—one of them stepped out last Saturday to a party at which he threatened to break Culbertson's record—and he played with clumsy mitts on his hands at that. I suppose you are saying, "Why shouldn't he play well, if he had the cards right in his mitt?" Well, I guess he did, because he won and got a pistol as a prize. Oh why didn't he use it? . . . but then, it is only the good that die young.

Seeing that Walter Winchell hands out orchids to the person he thinks has done a good deed, I'll be generous too, and thank the two unknown lochinvars who faced the storm last Thursday night to help a taxi out of the college driveway and so give "God speed" to three sleepy maidens.

Well, here's my stop—
I'll be seein' you?

COSSMAN-HAYUNGA

(Continued from Page 1)
thusiasm which was prevalent fashion in which the whole Convention was conducted, and the en- among the delegates.

Julius Neff reported on the work of the Lutheran Church in India, Arthur Little on the work in Japan, and Walter Goos read a letter telling of the work being done by the two proteges of the Cossman-Hayunga Society on the Mission fields in India.

are brushing up some of the rusty spots in preparation for the ordeal before the examining board. These must be written and the proper decorum of an ordained minister must be practiced, for they will soon be leaving the familiar portals of Waterloo College and Seminary for the last time.

TO THE EDITOR

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eyes and look about you? See the world as it is! Don't remember only the unfortunate marriages or loves that you have seen. Beware, lest you begin to believe in the "stuff" you write! Give up posing, "Common Sense", and show you are what your pen-name says you are. Realize that there is such a thing as abiding love between men and women.

Love is the greatest force for good that there is in the world. It is that feeling which brightens a person's smile, making him kind and happy and keeping the institution known as home, a home and not merely a residence. But no one can define love clearly. Everyone is affected in a different way by its powerful action. But realize that love is beautiful, clean, fine and uplifting. Remember that love is, and anyone who says differently and believes differently, should be taken to a psycho-analyst and be examined, as something certainly is wrong with him.

Hoping you can find space for this, I remain,

Respectfully
A Believer.

ATHENAEUM HEARS

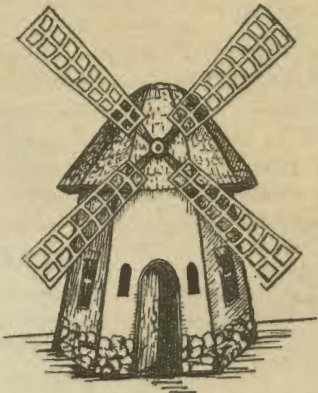
(Continued from Page 1)
is". Two other works by Drummond, "Leetle Bateese" and "Mon Frere Camille", were given later. Pauline Johnson, the famous Indian poetess, author of "The Song My Paddle Sings" (for which, incidentally, she received only three dollars), contributed as her last effort "The Ballad of Yaada". As Mr. McRaye recited this beautiful legend of the Pacific Coast, one could almost see "the fires on Lula Island" and hear "the Capilano roll". Charles G. D. Roberts' "Canadian Streams", a tribute to Canada's great rivers, and Bliss Carmen's "Lord of the Far Horizons" were also rendered. Two short, humorous sketches, "Moo, Cow, Moo", by E. Vance Cook and "Little Maggie Schwarz" by Wilson McDonald, found a place among the more serious writings. Curiously enough, Mr. McRaye concluded with a poem by a non-Canadian, "The Spires of Oxford", by Winifred Letts.

Mr. McRaye convincingly demonstrated his ability, not only as a lecturer and humorist, but also as an interpreter of Canadian poetry. His knack of putting his whole self into whatever recitation he was making, either by tone of voice or dramatic characterization, greatly enhanced his efforts. An audience, receptive to his plea to banish the "inferiority complex" that hinders Canadian writers and appreciative of his endeavours to portray poetry as it should be portrayed, applauded, time and time again, the anecdotes and readings of this versatile entertainer.

Several members of the acrobatic team, who are with the team for the first time, have surprised themselves as to what they can do with but very little practice. Hand-springs, snap-ups, back-flips, and somersaults are no longer things impossible to them. They have realized that you do not have to be a born acrobat to do those things.

The sign behind the curate, in a joke by Mr. McRaye, was:
"Is it an Ox or an Ass?
Lo, it is an Ass.
Do we hear the Ass bray?
Yes, we hear the Ass bray.
Go on and bray, oh Ass."

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Discords

Lindy: "I wish I had come to this college sooner than I did."

Dietsche: "Ah, you flatter this place."

Lindy: "What I mean is that I would rather have eaten these eggs then as now."

Mother: "What were you and that young man chatting about so gaily?"

Marj. C.: "Oh, nothing that you should hear at your age, mother."

Dick: "It is impossible to see around anything."

Wally: "You're wrong—I can see a round billiard ball."

Mattie: "Fighting is all right, providing you do it intelligently."

Wally: "Yes, but you can't always find a smaller man."

After hearing that a certain professor's wife hung a pail on the wall and placed a lantern under a cow, we are convinced that environment has some effect on our intellects.

Frosh: "What is that awful smell down in the library?"

Soph: "Oh, that's the dead silence they have to keep in there."

Harvey: "Ever had any accidents?"

Rye: "No."

Harvey: "Never had an accident in your life?"

Rye: "Nope. A rattler bit me once, though."

Harvey: "Well, don't you call that an accident?"

Rye: "Naw—he bit me on purpose."

—W—

Pat had sprained his arm in a rather rough basketball game and his room-mate was rubbing it with liniment.

"This liniment makes my arm smart," said Pat.

"In that case," said Haak, "why not rub some on your head?"

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Microscopic Evidence

On March 4th, 1907, in one of the old Hanseatic cities, Hamburg, Germany, there was born William Nolting, Esquire, destined later to become editor of the "College Cord", Potter Scholar, and big butter and cheese man of the Boarding Club—all of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario—a long way from "Der Vaterland" (I hope I spelled it correctly).

In 1914 Bill sailed for Canada. Due to his departure for America a big scrap was begun over on the other side—possibly you've heard of it, The Great War of 1914-18. Bill, however, was a lover of the peaceful solitudes, so he took up residence at Porquis Junction up in New Ontario. While attending public school "up in the woods," Bill states, "My hobby was hatching ducks with hens". However, Bill eventually lost his agricultural tendencies and migrated south.

Lo and Behold! Stratford-on-the-Avon (not Willie Shakespeare's town) was the city selected by Bill as the place to carry the family gods and goddesses (as did Aeneas from Troy to Rome). Here in the land of the famous Midget Junior Hockey Semi-Finalists, Bill undertook one thing after another. In 1920 he attended Collegiate for three months, but there were no pretty co-eds in his form, so he quit school and went to work. (Like our hero, Aeneas, Bill was not afraid of Manual Labor [sounds like a Mexican bandit, eh what?]).

But Bill was soon to work even harder. By the sweat of his brow he was to earn laurels at Waterloo College—Rah! Rah! Rah! At this College he has distinguished himself in many ways. He is one of the few men who can name all the poets and poems in English 40 backwards; he revels in metaphysical speculation—although in history of philosophy, like all mortals, he is inclined to mix his dates and places Hobbes in Plato's boots and Aristotle in those of St. Thomas Aquinas; moreover, he is the only benedict in the senior class.

Emulating his townsman, Shakespeare, Bill embarked at an early age upon a literary career (Note: All facts regarding Shakespeare are inaccurate—but why worry! I am not writing Shakespeare's biography). After years of toil and hours of patient study, he achieved the editor's chair and for over one year wrote dry editorials and rejected the manuscripts of aspiring (not inspiring) men of letters. To-day he is retired, writing only a few occasional essays for the English Professor. (Mirabile Dictu—philosophy essays almost escaped unmentioned).

It might be mentioned here that Bill once travelled to Europe—by rail—(Thanks to Jack Perle, the imitable Baron Munchausen).

Having surveyed the more humorous side of Bill, it might be advisable to view him from another angle. Amiable Bill. About three years ago a Freshman entered Waterloo College, expecting every moment to be greeted by a barrage of over-ripe tomatoes and green cheese—instead, Bill, a soph, met him at the door, extended his hand and said, "Howdy Pal!" What a man!

—W—

What men want is not talent, but purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Lytton.

INVADING "GREDS"

(Continued from Page 1)

more commendable in the eyes of men than a sound mind in a healthy body. It's over. The score, 32-23, for College, but the "Greds" sure made a game fight to the finish. An epic has been enacted before my eyes, is now over but not forgotten; the epic has become a classic. Time marches on.

Teams Play Return Game

On Wednesday, March 15th, the College Basketball team met the Collegiate "Greds" for the second time and were successful in coming out at the long end of the score, 34-29.

The game opened fast and before three minutes of play the score was tied at six-all. Both teams displayed no end of speed for the entire game and this, coupled with the fact that the penalties were exceedingly scarce, made the game a good one.

For the College there was no outstanding star as every player gave a good account of himself. Chadder and Jack Detweiler for the "Greds" were the best.

"Dick" Ruch handled the whistle and in this capacity did a fine job.

Collegiate "Greds": Jack Detweiler, Lichty, Jim Detweiler, Shenks, Boettger, Halls, Chadder, Knorr.

Waterloo College: Neeb, Goman, Reble, Berner, Scherbarth, R. Casselman, Skelton, Kononen, O. Casselman, Bean.

—W—

CLASS ATHLETES

(Continued from Page 1)

of showing off he was shoved off. He landed—and how! And did I laugh? I laughed so much that I missed seeing Goos score that goal for the Juniors that tied the score. It's just as well—I would probably have fainted. Do you know Goos? I mean Harvey, the fellow that's almost hairless (bald), and drives around in an old Ford can (pardon the spelling). Ruch and Ault both score in this period keeping the game a tie for that last period.

As I was telling you, everything goes. Well, everything went. Lawson got the Juniors ahead when he fooled Bean with his fast and furious shot. Ruch made a lone rush (note the alliteration) and brought the score to 4-2. But Little slipped in another goal and the game ended 4-3 for the Juniors after Bean and Goman got each other.

(Note: This isn't written in the best of English, but how could it be in order to bring in the fine points of the game).

The teams:

For the Sophs and Freshies: Bill Bean, Goman, Nibber, Ault, Little and Orsie Casselman.

For the Juniors: W. W. Bean, Ruch, Lawson, Goos and Hamm.

—W—

LOCAL HOCKEY TEAM

(Continued from Page 1)

seemed considerably better, which was well indicated in their results.

The teams:

St. Peter's: Goal, Rathman; defense, McKay, Lehman; centre, Plomski; wings, Schmidt, Hiller; alternates, Dotzenroth, Simon.

Waterloo College: Goal, Reble; defense, Goman, W. Bean; centre, Ault; wings, Knauff, Lawson; alternates, Hamm, Little, O. Casselman, Ruch.

—W—

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♦ ♦ ♦

No man should be content with his present mental equipment. He owes it to himself and to his loved ones to make the most of himself. If he cannot go to college he can at least study at home. The more difficult the road the greater the need for educational training.

♦ ♦ ♦

Some young men say that they prefer an estate to an education. Every college graduate in Canada, if asked, would disagree. Money has its limitations. Stocks, bonds, real estate, farms, factories, ships, merchandise, railways, etc., etc., fluctuate in value and may be lost but money invested in a sound general education is not lost. It is an ideal investment. It is safe. The returns from it increase in value and in satisfaction year after year.

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